

6^d Mirth in Ridicule :

K O R, A
S A T Y R

A G A I N S T

Immoderate Laughing.

Containing the FOLLIES too often found in

A Sea-Officer,
Land-Officer,
Courtier,
Lawyer,
Priest,
Merchant,
Scholar,
Poet,
Miser,

The Ladies,
A Maid,
Strumpet,
Beau,
Gamester,
Quack,
Plotter, and a
Libertine.

L O N D O N,

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1708.
7.

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STORY
OR A
GAINST

Immoderate Laughing

Containing the Follies too often found in

The Ladies
A Maid
Strumpet
Beau
Gambler
Quack
Plover, and a
Libertine

A Sea-Officer
Land-Officer
Courtier
Lawyer
Puff-blower
Merchant
Schoolmaster
Poet
Miller

LONDON

Printed: And sold by J. Matthews, near Stationer-Hall.
Price 6d. 23. James
7

THE
PREFACE

as Juvenal says very well in his first Satire,

SATIRE is the Spirit of Poetry, and if well perform'd, contains more useful Precepts than all the Ranges of the gravest Doctors. On this Stage, the Romans excelled with Applause; and, in this Part, far exceeded the Greeks; for, of all the Satirists that can be call'd Satyrs, and also all succeeding Poets, the two Authors, which made the greatest Figure in this Way of Writing, amongst the former, were Horace and Juvenal; both successful to the highest Degree in the Art, which they made, to render Vice infamous, and the Vices which disgraced in their Style and Manner. I would not to insult the Reader at this Time of Day, to praise upon the Wisdom and Excellencies of those Great Men. That has been already done by some of the ablest Pens, both of the English and French Academies. For, what I am to say here, I am afraid of this Subject, I can't but take Notice, that Horace touch'd the Crimes he ridicul'd, with too gentle a Hand, and only laugh'd at Vices which requir'd the boldest Strokes of Censure and Reprehention. The Age he liv'd in, and the Conversation of some Great Men, (if Persons who had lately lost the Liberties they were born to, can deserve that Character) render'd his Style too polite; and for Fear of offending Persons of Quality and Distinction, he but tickl'd those Wounds, which wanted the deepest Incision. Juvenal

with

The PREFACE

with a more generous Freedom declaim'd against Vice, like a free-born Roman, as if he had breath'd an Air of Liberty under the Power of the ancient Consuls, and had not seen both himself, and the Imperial Majesty of Rome, subjected to the Humours of a Tyrant. For this Reason, the Author of these ensuing Pages, has follow'd the Tract rather of the last, than of the former, and like him, has endeavour'd to avoid all improper Personal Reflections: For, as Juvenal says very well in his first Satyr,

*Expensar quid Concedatur in illos
Obprobria Flaminia tegitur Cinis atq; Latina.*

The Meaning of which Expression, I take to be, as introduced by some Part of the foregoing Sense, That 'tis improper and dangerous to name Great Men, or make their Crimes the Subject of his Poetry; he therefore resolves to expose the Follies of some notorious Persons, who were fairly dead and bury'd; that the Age he liv'd in, might take no Exceptions to his Censures; and the Survivors might be warn'd, by the Errors of the Ancients, from committing any Crimes of the same Complexion. If therefore the following Satyr reflects only on our Vices in general, without any particular Malice or ill Nature, 'tis presum'd, the Town will receive it kindly, it being intended for general Benefit and Instruction.

of this Subject, I can't but take Notice that Horace too has touch'd a little a Satyr, and only the Crimes he ridicul'd, with too gentle a Hand, and only laugh'd at Vices which requir'd the boldest strokes of Contempt and Reprehension. The Age he liv'd in, and the Conversation of some Great Men, (if I believe who had introduc'd the Liberty they were born to, can deserve that Character) render'd his Style too polite; and for Fear of offending Persons of Quality and Distinction, he durst not take IV much, which wanted the sharpest Satyr.

Mirth in Ridicule :

O R,

A Satyr against immoderate Laughing

HOW sad of late is grown an Author's Case,
 Who finds it hard this curious Age to please,
 Since ev'ry Upstart now pretends to Wit,
 And is a Critick in his own Conceit ?
 The 'Prentice Boy pretends to write by Rule,
 And blames the Poet as a senseless Fool.
 Ev'n Chamber-maids, who steal an Hour or two
 From making Smocks, cry, This will never do ;
 I never read such Stuff ; there's nothing in it new.
 In former Days only the Learn'd and Wise
 Assum'd a lawful Pow'r to criticise ;
 But now the Ignorant are Judges grown,
 And Sentence pass in this illit'rate Town.

Each thoughtless Fool himself erects a Court,
 Tries and condemns with *Privilegio* for't,
 And makes himself a wond'rous deal of Sport.
 For such, this Author says he does not care;
 He meanly writes, that's sensible of Fear.
 This Satyr modestly he will submit
 To those who have the nicest Taste of Wit.
 He means the *Laughing Folly* to cry down,
 Since ev'ry Fool is by his *Laughing* known.
 The *Prudent* rather *Heraclitus* turn,
 And at the Age's monstrous Vices mourn.
Laughing is unbecoming and unkind,
 And oft betrays an injudicious Mind:
 And tho' few think so, 'tis a heinous Vice,
 Attended both by *Pride* and *Avarice*,
Lust, *Rapine*, *Treach'ry*, and *Intemperance*,
 And ev'ry Thing that has not Innocence.
 When God at first our happy Parents made,
 Happy indeed in *Eden's* blissful Shade,

A While they knew not what a Thing was Vice,
 But in themselves enjoy'd a Paradise :
 Happy a While, in Innocence they lay,
 'Till envious Spirits did their Sense betray.
 The ghastly Fiend could not contented see
 The utmost Bounds of their Felicity ;
 With eager Haste he did their Fall pursue,
 And brought the tempting Apple to their View.
 Th' unhappy Woman, to Destruction prone,
 Too soon, alas ! gave Way, and was undone :
 Fierce Inclinations spurr'd her on within ;
 She grasp'd the Fruit, and forfeited by Sin,
 Those Joys which were to them already giv'n ;
 Could I, O ! say she did not forfeit Heav'n !
 The treach'rous Fiend, at length, well pleas'd to see
 Th' unhappy Pair's first Step to Misery,
 Rejoyc'd aloud at Heav'n's avenging Call,
 And with excessive Laughter, triumph'd at their Fall.
 So have I seen upon the Western Coast,
 A Vessel, by a fatal Ship-wreck, lost ;

And

And heard a Race, who on such Losses live,
Safe on the Shore their joyful Plaudits give.

The *Warrior* laughs when with superior Might
He beats his Foes in some redoubted Fight,
And makes the Vanquish'd to his Squadrons yield
The bloody Honours of the dusty Field.
Proud of his Triumphs and desir'd Success,
With open Joy he does his Fortune bless;
We in his Face can read the Fame he's won,
By Cities storm'd, and mighty Realms undone.
But here, *Jove's* Daughter, change thy pointed Stile;
Did *Nassau* laugh, or glorious *Churchill* smile,
When at the *Boyne* the one triumphant stood,
Oppos'd in vain by the surrounding Flood?
Or did the other, when at *Hockstedt's* Plain
He saw twelve Thousand *French* in Battel slain,
Proud of his Fame, unlike himself appear?
Did he not well his mighty Honour bear?
These Chiefs, unmindful of their great Success,
Were courteous still to Captives in Distress:
Their

Their Praise, tho' just, they gen'rously declin'd;
To their own Fame were deaf, and to their Merits blind.

The *School-man* laughs, when with Distinctions nice
He battels Truth, and Vertue turns to Vice.
The lab'ring Prefs assists his verbal Crimes,
Transmitting Nonsense to succeeding Times:
But did the Age do Justice to his Sense,
And Censures just, by Reason's Rules dispense,
His Works would wrap up Spice and Groc'ry Ware,
Or singe the roasting Pigs at *Smithfield* Fair.

The *Merchant* laughs, when, safe from Seas and Winds,
His loaded Bark an oazy Harbour finds.
Then o'er his Glass he tells the merry Tale,
And soon exposes at Friend *Lloyd's* to Sale.
But little thinks the Trader indiscreet;
At Land he may severer Tempests meet,
And be oblig'd to Anchor in the *Fleet*.

The *Poet* laughs, when Boxes, Stage, and Pit,
Approve his Verses, and applaud his Wit.

He

He thinks his Numbers will secure him Fame,
 Riches, Respect, and an illustrious Name.
 Then in full Bumpers of *Burgundian* Wine,
 He drinks a Health to all the sacred Nine;
 Smiles, and applauds his gen'rous Patron too,
 (Tho' of that Sort the Muses find but few)
 Thoughtless what Fate immortal Bards have had,
 How *Spencer* starv'd, and witty *Lee* run mad.

The *Strumpet*, mid'st her winning Ways to sin,
 And various Toils, to catch the Wanton in,
 Dimples her Cheeks, and with the smiling Vice,
 Does thoughtless Youth to greater Ills entice.
 But when the Fops Venereal Wounds endure,
 (Whose noisom Pains the Grave can only cure)
 The vicious Jilt smiles at their wretched State,
 And laughs at Ills she did herself create.
 Thus to fair *Helen's* Smiles, and sparkling Eyes,
Paris and *Troy* were made a Sacrifice;
 A ten Years War from that bright Maid ensu'd,
 And Gods their Hands in human Blood embu'd.

Yet, tho' the Wanton's now dissolv'd in Joy,
 Impending Fate will soon her Bliss destroy
 In fiercer Fires, than those that ruin'd *Troy*.
 The *Græcian* Youth, who from *Pelides* came,
 (Whose conqu'ring Arms made stubborn Nations tame)
 With strange Ambition fir'd, he gave not o'er,
 But fondly wept he could not conquer more;
 He, who such Havock in the World had made,
 By laughing Love, and Woman, was betray'd;
Lais, the brightest, charming'st Nymph that e'er
 Made Lover sigh in the *Corinthian* Air;
 Lovely, yet lewd, and infamously fair.
 She o'er his Heart a perfect Conquest gains,
 And binds his soften'd Soul in silken Chains.
 Made drunk with Love, and raging with Desire,
 At her Request, he set a Town on Fire,
 Rich *Asia's* Pride, which still in Ruin lies,
 And mourns the Smiles of her enchanting Eyes.
 Learning nor Art can equal Numbers find
 To count the various Sins of Woman-kind;

Whate'er they hear, they with Impatience tell,
 Take all on Trust, and Truth to Falsehood swell :
 O'er Ratafee in large Cabals they meet,
 The Chaft excluding, Modest, and Discreet :
 When by good Judges 'tis most plainly seen,
 All their Discourse is Self-conceit and Spleen.
 In spacious Cups th' enliv'ning Juice they quaff,
 Then censure all the World, and pertly *laugh*.
 In Politicks they solemnly debate ;
 Of Dukes and Lords, foretel th' approaching Fate,
 And blame the Conduct both of Church and State.
 Nor can the *Parson*, with his humble Care,
 Oblige the *Ladies* insolent and fair,
 If in his Pulpit he with Pride makes free,
 And argues gainst it by Philosophy.
 They're now so stubborn and presumptuous grown,
 They'd have their darling Vices let alone.
 And he is sure their wanton Ears to please,
 Who sooths their Minds, and does their Conscience ease.

But if the Doctor does sincerely teach,
 And 'gainst known Crimes with holy Ardour preach;
 Says one, *We'll better Manners teach the Ass,*
And turn the Fool, and all his Brats, to Grass,
'Till they the Justice of our Sentence own,
The Priest deposing from his Pulpit-Throne.
Let's shew our Selves most magisterial Wives,
And make our Husbands weary of their Lives.
Reason, mean while, shuns the luxurious Place,
And dares not shew her venerable Face.
From Noise and Pride, and vain Amuzements fled,
The sacred Virgin hides her blushing Head.
To Lord-like Man she does with Joy repair,
Certain to meet a kind Reception there.
While laughing Dames in Pride's vast Empire reign,
Despising Reason with unjust Disdain?
That awful Name the best of Men approve,
And God in her does his own Image love.
Oh! that the Fair would better Maxims know!
And taught by Wisdom's Rules, discreeter grow!

'Tis basely mean, the Wretched to disdain,
 And argues want of Sense, to *laugh* at Pain.
 Oh ! rather all your tend'rest Pity show,
 Your gentlest Smiles, and kindest Looks bestow,
 On those you see, by sad Decree of Fate,
 And Hand of Providence, unfortunate.
 Your Faces all are merciful and kind,
 Oh ! let 'em be the Index of the Mind.
 As in your Looks, so in your Acts appear,
 Serene as Heav'n, and as the Morning, clear.
 Your Sex shall then the Golden Age renew,
 And Paradise appear again in you.
 Gladly my Muse should then its Wonder raise,
 And turn keen Satyr to exalted Praise,
 Bright as the Sun, your Charms in Verse should shine,
 And Panegyrick rise in ev'ry Line.
 Proud of the Theme, and of his happy Choise,
 Each rev'rend Bard should tune his chearful Voice,
 And in immortal Numbers sing the Fair.
 Their humble Vertues, and indulgent Air.

The *Miser laughs*, and tells with Pleasure o'er
 His Gold, yet sighs that he beholds no more,
 And starves 'midst plenty of ill-gotten Store.
 Doom'd to the hated Sin of Avarice,
 He smiles at mournful Widows in Distress.
 To Orphans Crys, he obstinate appears,
 And is regardless of the Wretched's Tears.
 Yet know, tho' to be rich you make such Haste,
 Ill-gotten Goods avenging Furies waste.
 Your *Laughter*, Wretch, will into Sorrow turn,
 When hostile Fires your *Tyrian* Purples burn.
 Nor shall your boasted Sums have Pow'r to save
 Their wretched Master from the lonely Grave.

The *Beau*, that nice, that gaudy, flutt'ring Thing,
 A powder'd Coxcomb learnt to dance and sing;
 That has *Camilla's* tuneful Airs by Heart,
 And strives to mimick *Margaretta's* Part;
 Oft *laughs*, and thinks his Dress and Air might move
 The chafteft Matron to polluted Love:

In Postures Monkey-like screws up his Face,
 Applauds his Sword-knot, and his own Grimace.
 His Dress, he swears, to some poor painted Wench,
 Was made at *Paris*, and is wholly *French*.
 The Play, (for he must for a Critick pass)
 If it displeases this nice squeamish Ass,
 At *Will's* he cries, *Beg—d'tis nauseous Stuff* ;
 Plucks out his Box, and with an Air takes Snuff.
 To Church he goes, for Sunday's a dull Day ;
 Not to his God, but to the Fair to pray.
 The Sermon's tedious, and the sacred Pray'rs,
 He thinks are long, and irksom to his Ears.
 With the bright seeming Saints alone he's fir'd,
 And the Fool vainly thinks he is admir'd.
 The Church being done, (which he thanks Heav'n it is)
 Strait to the *Rose* he steers, and gets a Miss,
 There dines, and laughs at wholesome good Advice.
 As you're a Man, vain Fool, as such appear ;
 You may be wise, yet no Philosopher ;

You may be grave enough, and yet live well,

(Not like *Diogenes* within his Cell)

Without observing austere Stoicks Rules,

And talking in the Language of the Schools.

You may be merry too, when Time is fit ;

Without Prophaneness you may shew your Wit.

On proper Objects let your *Laughter* turn ;

On your own Weakness look with due Concern.

Pity your Self, and wiser Notions learn,

That so the judging World at least may see,

That *Beaux* have sometimes had Philosophy.

The *Gamester*, whose Delight is all in Play,

(In which he wastes the Night, and spends the Day)

Laughs, and is pleas'd at his accustom'd Vice,

Perfu'd with Dangers dreaded by the Wife.

He smiles at *Chance*, nor gives ill *Fortune* o'er,

'Till he becomes most despicably poor ;

Yet still so pleasing is the modish Sin,

That he resolves to try his Fate again.

The sporting Fool would Thief or Robber turn,
 Would Paracide commit, or Churches burn,
 He might indulge this lazy, thoughtless Vice,
 And at *Groom-Porters* throw destructive Dice.
 But after trying o'er and o'er his Fate,
 The Coxcomb starves, or servilely does wait
 For mean *Boretto* on the haughty Great.

The *Plotter* laughs, when all his Schemes go well ;
 He thinks himself another *Matchiavel* ;
 Nay, on his Projects so resolv'd is he,
 He'll out-do *Cataline's* Conspiracy
 In his vain Thoughts, and his abundant Sense,
 When he contrives the Ruin of his Prince ;
 Whose tragick Death's most pleasing to his Sight,
 And all his Smiles denote his vast Delight.
 But little does the plotting Coxcomb know
 What dreadful Ills from such wild Notions flow.
 And did he think of *Perkins*, or of *Friend*,
 A better Fate would the lost Wretch attend.

The *Lawyer laughs* each Term at Golden Fees,
 And in his Coach supinely lolls at Ease;
 Deaf'ning the Crowd with noisy Emptiness,
 And thinks for Money he can do no less.
 Gravely he talks; but at a Tavern-Treat
 Like *Indian Cannibal* does fiercely eat.
 Thus those who most should set the World at Peace,
 With gainful Feuds themselves unjustly please.
 Thoughtless of Fate, the Wife can never shun,
 Or by what Means *Tresilian* was undone.

The *Parson laughs*, and's wond'rous pleas'd, we see,
 When he's successful in Smock-Symony;
 Got, as he thinks, a Settlement for Life,
 A good fat Living, and a handsome Wife.
 Then o'er a Cup or two of Nut-brown Ale,
 Jocosely he grows, and tells a merry Tale;
 That so the Parish may know who they've got,
 Not a meer preaching Drone, a Book-learn'd Sot,
 But one who'll take his Glass, and be as free
 As *Terra-filius* in Academy.

Plump with good Chear, he fears not to be poor,
Nor dreams that Want may turn his Daughter Whore.

The *Sailor*, distant from his native Skies,
When Billows roar, and dreadful Storms arise,
Fearless of Pow'rs above, or under Ground,
Of Heav'n or Hell, so that the Punch goes round ;
He drinks down all his Cares, and swallows Fate,
A meer Sir *Clondely* in his own Conceit.
Drink is th' attractive Charmer of his Soul,
And all his Wishes center in a Bowl.
Hence low'ring Seas with Boldness he defies,
And *laughs* at all the Threat'nings of the Skies.
But let the Tar, which ploughs his wat'ry Grave,
Reflect what *Chance* did late attend the Brave.

The *Courtier*, whose ambitious Thoughts fly high,
Whose fond Desire, and whose malignant Eye,
Are both on Honour fix'd, is ne'er at Rest,
'Till he has eas'd the Tumour of his Breast ;
Until he's made a Minister of State,
And may command at an imperial Rate.

Pleas'd with his Garter and resplendent Star,
He *laughs* at each inferior Character,
And haughty grows to all beneath a Senator :
Lolls in his Coach, is proud, and wond'rous nice,
And learns his own Relations to despise :
Laughs at the sad Condition of the Poor,
Kick'd by his Foot-men from his Lordship's Door.
Such are the dire Effects of lawless Pride,
With such Careers th' unsteady Great Ones ride,
To such Preferment's but a gilded Ill,
A poys'nous Potion, which disturbs the Will,
Wealth, Pow'r, Ambition, all are but a Cheat,
Which with false Fires, delude the wretched Great,
Th' illit'rate *Quack* his poys'nous Med'cine boasts,
And tells you what the mighty Secret costs :
By winning Ways imposes on the Throng,
While *Merry Andrew* sings a comrick Song.
He tells you, he's the only lucky Man ;
That he can do more than the College can.

F

Yet

Yet so destructive are his nauseous Pills,
That he by Thousands and by Thousands kills,
And adds vast Numbers to the Weekly-Bills.

And that you may his wond'rous Bounty see,
He kills poor Sea-men too for Charity.

From *York* to *London* rides in Coach and Six,

And Murders he commits on ev'ry Sex:

Yet loudly laughs, and in his own Conceit,

Ratcliffe out-does in *Phyick*, *Garth* in Wit.

The charming *Maid*, scarce fifteen Winters old,
Sighs at the Tales she heard her Sister told,

When late the Nymph embrac'd the Nuptial Band,

And gave the Bridegroom her consenting Hand.

A secret Pleasure mixes with her Pain,

And burning Love runs swift thro' ev'ry Vein.

Of Love she talks; Love is her daily Theme,

Her Morning Wishes, and Nocturnal Dream.

But had the Fair, who's weary of her State,

Lucretia's read, or *Desdemona's* Fate,

The

The dismal Tales would surely change her Mind,
And make her coy, or else discreetly kind.

Last in this Crowd, the *Libertine* takes Place;
His Conversation infamously base.

The rolling Hours he fondly smiles away
In Women, Drinking, or pernicious Play.

Pleasure's his Good, the highest Bliss his Mind
Either desires or expects to find.

At vertuous Love he smiles, and all its Pains,
But *laughs* at Marriage and Connubial Chains.

Careless of Heav'n, and fond of being drunk,
He reels alternately from Wine to Punk.

By fancy'd Charms, he raises loose Desire,
And sets his Person and his Soul a-fire.

Reason is then Chymera, Scripture Jest,
And guilty Thoughts swell his conceited Breast.

Impatient of Reproof, he scorns Advice,
And listens to the charming Lures of Vice;

In which so proudly forward he is grown,
He hates to think that he should be out-done.

Thus

Thus does this mad, unthinking, brutish Fool
Turn ev'ry sacred Thing to Ridicule.
In one loose Play, more Sense he thinks there lies,
Than in the Maxims of the Just and Wise;
At which he *laughs*, Obscenity is Wit,
And Swearing makes his pompous Tale compleat.
Vertue on him shall never lay Restraint,
Or from a Sinner, turn him to a Saint.
He *laughs* at Death, by flatt'ring Wine made brave,
And sings his fancy'd Triumphs o'er the Grave:
But sick, he feels a deadly inward Smart,
No Cordial then can ease his aking Heart:
No friendly Julep, or delicious Wine,
Gives any Rest, or proves an Anodine;
But soon the Wretch's *laughing* Fit is o'er,
And he too late finds he can *laugh* no more.
Be wise, ye Youth of these licentious Times,
And cautiously avoid destructive Crimes.
Vertue alone imparts sincere Renown,
And adds the brightest Lustre to a Crown,
'Tis Vertue only can secure our Peace,
And crown our Days with Happiness and Ease.

F I N I S.